By Clare Victor Dwiggins Fables of Ophelia; or, Wunst Upon a Time

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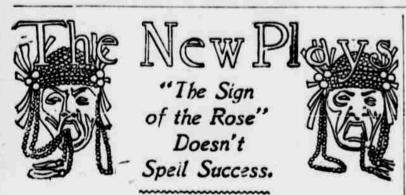


AND TALKED LIKE A HUT

HE'S WALLEYED TOO _ MUST BE WAL HUTS INSIDE!

PRETTY SOON A SQUIRREL HEARD HIM AND WENT INSIDE





BY CHARLES DARNTON.

HORGE BEBAN is quite right in calling his elaborated vaudeville sketch, "The Sign of the Rose," a character study. Drawn out into four acts at the Garrick Theatre last night, it amounted to nothing more.

Behan has a sense of character that justifies his ambition to rise above the musical comedy spaghetti upon which he has been feeding for years. He has every reason, too, to be sick and tired of the exaggerated Frenchman that has led him into stage extravagances of the same sort. It is only natural that he should wish to exercise the economy of acting that has made David Warfield worth more than a music hall could ever pay him. In this instance ambition hasn't exactly o'erleaged itself, but it has taken such a long jump that the possibility of "landing" seems decidedly remote.

As a poor Italian with nothing in the world but his little girl, Mr. Beban was a convincing and picturesque figure last night, but as a playwright he failed to make anything more of himself. He simply stretched himself through four acts, all of which rested upon the stooped shoulders of the common laborer, Pletro Massena. Except for his organ-grinder gestures, which gave Pietro a



humility that suggested the curbetone with pennice lingling upon it. Mr. Beban was true to the character he portrayed. was seen in Pietro's home on the lowe: east olds, with little Rosa preparing the and waiting to ride on her father's shoulders. The child's letter to Santa Claus Pietro's plans Christmas were human that the scene carried conviction and commanded sympathetic interest. Edna May Hamel was such a capable and loving little Italgreat a shock to the audience as it did to Pletro. And the men and women of the enement who folthe wheels of an aulowed the little body up the bare stairs completed a picture

Civing the Black II ad its due, it was reasonable, perhaps, that Pietro should be suspected of having adhapped the little girl to whose home in Gramercy Park he had carried a Christmas tree. If he had removed the parents of the child we might have manhed him for saving us from the very bad acting of Franklin Ritchie and Miss Marie Pavey. To see them was to realize that they souldn't hope for anything more than a stage child.

But the Black Hand suspicion resulted only in Pietro's being manhandled by a detective sermeant who most charge of a florist's shop where the money for the return of the stolen child was expected to be paid. It was for the sign of the rose that the husky detective had his eye out, and when Pietro came along offering his last cent for a rose to place upon the grave of his dead child return of little Dorothy, who had been stolen by the father's spendthrift young brother, saved Pietro from being dragged off to jail.

As the youth who went to melodramatic lengths in the hope of getting money to pay back what he had borrowed from the manager of the flower shop, George Probert gave the play its only interest in the beginning, and alrhough he seeme always on the verge of nervous collapse, he kept up his good work to the end. With Pietro taking a farewell look at the home that little Rosa had made bright and leaving it to go back to Italy, a happy ending was out of the question. The play simply ended with both a sad and empty air. Mr. Behan had made the most of it, but "The Sign of the Rose" didn't spell success.

Some Oneer Bits of Information.

It takes more than a character study to make a play.

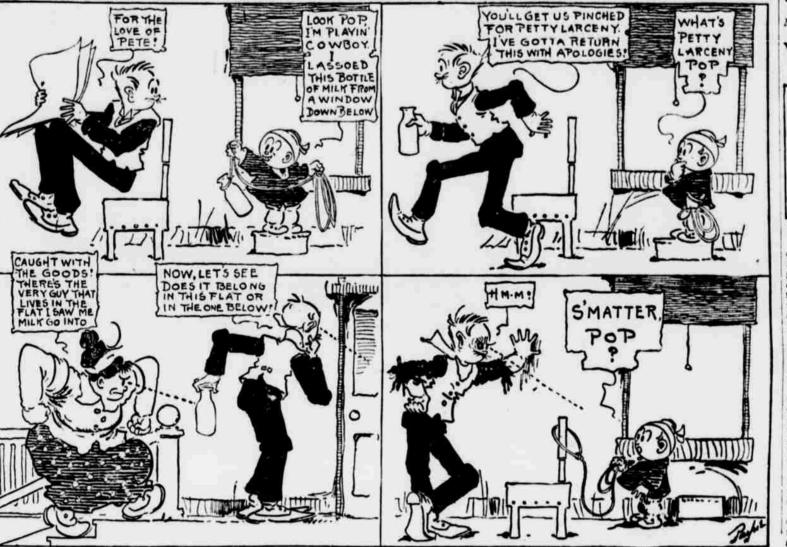
TN the German textile industry the fine lines of lighter green, and the

tendency is to use female in place mouldings are black, of smale labor.

In order to handle automobiles easily tiny electric oven, small enough to be several railroads have adopted a new placed on the platform of a microscope. atyle of freight car, having doors the lis purpose is to dry objects to be ex-full width and height of the car. full width and height of the car.

There are over 9,170 miles of railroads | There are ninety-three post-offices in

S'Matter, Pop? By C. M. Payne



Memoirs of a Commuter By Barton Wood Currie

Coperight, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World),

My Wife Butts Into the Furnace . "Have you still got those books of Game. pink trading stamps?" Hilds "in gathering data on the gentle pastime of tooling our wife, "that is, I loaned from the street."

own furnace through the snows and frosts of a at the corner. She had four and wanted hard winter in four more right away to get an tesber.

ordering the coal

der?" I querted.

pink trading stamps. The agent for the with their coal."

feeling so if I were about to strangle, nace." "but what I want to get at first is how running a powerhouse."

and would be easy to handle. I suppose on the 'phone. His charge is most rec-

I went down into the cellar to investigate. The bins were running over and there were about five tone in what should have served as a store room. It was very large and very heavy coal and bere and there I found a shunk of grantie. I hurried up stairs and asked anto practise language.

Dogwood Terrace. She promised to return them as seen ittldegarde startled as she got in her coal." "Very well," I grouned, "that means I

me one evening "Very well," I groun must keep that coal." ment that she had "Certainly you must keep it. What taken the problem could you be thinking of? Is there any-

off my hands by thing the matter with the coal? "Oh, no, there is nothing the matter and hiring a fur-nace tender.

"What kind of need. All I would like to know is where coal and how much did you or where they mined the rock they put in with it."

"Furnace coal, "The rock is for ballast, isn't it. Wilof course," responded Mrs. Wilberforce berforce?" asked my wife innocently.
Riddle, "and enough for four books of "All the railroads have rock ballast

coal company said if you would only put in another bin he would put in enough for five books of stamps. And as soon as I get five books I can redeem them for a beautiful oak rocking ohair."

"That is all very lovely," I replied, with the stuff that won't go in the fur-

"There you go again, Wilberforce!" many tons did you order? We are not cried my wife. "Are you never sting to keep up with the times, my love? The "He didn't say anything about the gentleman who will tend our furnace number of tons." replied my frau, in-dignantly. "It must have been a good deal, for they were putting it in all day. Is any little thing you don't know how One of the drivers said it was light coal to handle you have only to call 'him up

"You haven't paid him any money yet?" I said in a faint whisper. "No, but be is coming this evening to

"Good!" I exclaimed. "I'm crear to most him."

And I hurried down to the cellar again



completed a picture that put the play finto a simple and realistic frame. But the other sentimental embellishments bore the tawdry and artificial mark of the theatre, haps, that Pietro should lose home in Gramercy wied the parents of the theatre, haps, that Pietro should lose home in Gramercy with the parents of the the very bad acting of the they are to the charge of marks of the should lose home in Gramercy with the parents of the the very bad acting of the they are to the charge of marks on the charge of the the they from a measured that Grene a sale angle before the was to realize that they from a single the conduction and the charge of the charge of marks on the charge of marks on the charge of the the third with the parents of the charge of marks on the charge of the the third with the parents of the charge of marks on the charge of the the third with the parents of the charge of marks on the charge of the the third with the parents of the charge of marks on the charge of the the third with the parents of the charge of marks on the charge of the third with the parents of the charge of the the third with the parents of the charge of the third with the parents of the charge of the third with the parents of the charge of the parents that the parents of the charge of the parents that the parents of the charge of the parents that the parents of the charge of the parents that the parents of the charge of the parents that the parents of the parents of the parents that the parents of the parents of

CHAPTER V.

N spile of my very keen desire to give einematographically that cinematographic moment, it is well for me to make an

elf to be dragged, that the bullet which ad brushed my shoulder before shate ering the glass had been fired by billed usine in the person of Maltre Juliot. which each of us knew merely a per-tion that was insufficient to make us ap-

10 sammer, pressing against max.

To the first and the first all moment when M. Grenet was found mysterfoulty hung in the gentleman whom I had slightly which is the real starting point of my horrible adventure. Nor is it that in which Me. Grenet committed the international body. All this does not count. Now does the accident which had brought her, as mad of all work, into the Julinot house, had a from the mob of noisy loungars who was displaying an extravagant show findingston while awaiting the the arrival of the poles, that a frantic little old man coming toward use as white as death * "" Laus mystered plants; lawyer.

I answered, panting for breath.

Laus styl, Madam, let us fly!"

All this does not count. Now does the accident which had brought her, as mad of all work, into the Julinot house, hold. Still less the intensees of water of the pressure of the pressur cor cynthese that the brief drams which I have just related in a few lines has no sort of importance and that the true beginning of my tragical elventure, the real moment which marks its logical development, is the moment that Mme. Grenet and I, terrified and out of our reasonably as my impulsive act!

A Great Parisian Mystery Romance, Printed for the First Time in English

Author of " The Man Without a Face.

wits, set foot outside Matira Julnot's And I am very footish, after what has little house.

In front of this little house on the sive act! I do not believe there is an

"Save me' save me' My children! I have just committed an actual crime."
This was something more than an entreaty-an order.
I instinctively obeyed the command.

HAPTER V.

(Continued.)

HOHYMOUS Letter.

pite of my very keen desire give cinematographic moment, is well for me to make an man of very fashionable appears is well for me to make an at limits or new collects is an form that day wholly unable to me define that the down of the loging to a very fash one. The logic of our most lower from that day wholly unable to me define that the define that act. Not one:

The logic of our most heard from an intend toward laris, with act is not one.

The logic of our most heard from and inventions, attended to me to make an atleast in the legal limits or new columns to the avoided, I turned toward lower from that day wholly unable to the down in the all of the logic of that cinematographically that cinematographic moment, it is well for me to make an exact statement.

In draging Mme. Grenet out of the house in a frantic flight, I was ignorant that Mme. Julnot, by a terbible coincidence, had been struck by the ball intended for me-as Mme. But we who knew him had recognized the ball intended for me-as Mme. But we who knew him had recognized for he dragged, that the bullet which

the one little stray shot, had pierced life level of the guest of Percy Eady's family. That is certainly a regrettable and the moment Mme. Grenet and I were dead, but in no respect remarkable. The remarkable part consisted in this that the fuckless hunter, being blind in the left eye for thirteen years owing to a hundering operation for cataract, because from that day wholly unable to actual crime?

The level of the guest of Percy Eady's family at the moment Mme. Grenet and I were flying in terror, determined to trust our flying

hurins, that I may carry away my lit-

made the glass of the wind-shield sattle in its frame, he had turned to Mme. Grenet, who was clinging to the back

It was certain that he had recognized the woman, whom he would "save at any coat" as he had said the evening before. It was no less certain that he recognized the Stephenson, against

Some Good Itories of The Day,

Where our Dead Go.

Making a Harting, one of the Australians which fought in the world and the appoint a recommission to see whither the man is proved a recommission benefits which the fought in the world and then if the commission dender to the Legis down in Vancouver. Note the table of a man in

There are over \$1.70 miles of railroads in Spain. Among the new railways, there post-offices in projection is one from Santander 10 Birgos and another from Madrid to Birgos another from Madrid to Birg